

TARZAN OF THE APES

The Thrilling Adventures of a Primeval Man and an American Girl

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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CHAPTER XIX—(Continued). For a moment Jane Porter lay there with half-closed eyes. For a moment—she knew the meaning of love.

But as suddenly as the veil had been withdrawn it dropped again, and an out-raged conscience sufficed her face with its scarlet mantle, and a mortified woman thrust Tarzan of the Apes from her and buried her face in her hands.

Tarzan had been surprised when he had found the girl he had learned to love after a vague and abstract manner a prisoner in his arms. Now he was surprised that she repudiated him.

He came close to her once more and took hold of her arm. She turned upon him like a tigress, striking his great breast with her tiny hands.

Tarzan could not understand it. A moment ago and it had been his intention to hasten Jane Porter back to her people, but that little moment was but now in the dim and distant past of things which were but can never be again, and with it the good intention again, and with it the impossible.

Since then Tarzan of the Apes had felt a warm, little form close pressed to his hot, sweet breath against his cheek and hand fanned a new flame to life within his breast, and perfect lips had hung to his in burning kisses that had seared a deep brand into his soul—a brand which marked a new Tarzan.

Again he laid his hand upon her arm. Again she repudiated him. And then Tarzan of the Apes did just what his first ancestor would have done.

He took his woman in his arms and carried her into the jungle.

Early the following morning the four within the little cabin by the beach were awakened by the booming of a cannon. Clayton was the first to rush out, and there, beyond the harbor's mouth, he saw two vessels lying at anchor.

One was the Arrow and the other a small French cruiser. The side of the latter were crowded with men gazing shoreward, and it was evident to Clayton, as to the others who had now joined him, that the gun which they had heard had been fired to attract attention if they still remained at the cabin.

Both vessels lay a considerable distance from shore, and it was doubtful if their glasses would locate the waving hats of the little party far in between the harbor's points.

Esmeralda had removed her red apron and was waving it frantically above her head; but Clayton, still fearing that even this might not be seen, hurried off toward the northern point where lay his signal pyre ready for the match.

It seemed an age to him, as to those who waited breathlessly behind, ere he reached the great pile of dry branches and underbrush.

As he broke from the dense wood and came in sight of the vessels again, he was filled with consternation to see that the Arrow was making sail and that the cruiser was already under way.

Quickly lighting the pyre in a dozen places, he hurried to the extreme point of the promontory, where he stripped off his shirt, and, tying it to a fallen branch, stood waving it back and forth above him.

But still the vessels continued to stand out, and he had given up all hope, when the great column of smoke, arising above the forest in one dense vertical shaft, attracted the attention of a lookout on the cruiser, and instantly a dozen glasses were leveled on the beach.

Presently Clayton saw the two ships commencing again; and while the Arrow lay drifting quietly on the ocean, the cruiser steamed slowly back toward shore.

At some distance away she stopped, and a boat was lowered and dispatched toward the beach.

As it was drawn up a young officer stepped out.

"Monsieur Clayton, I presume?" he asked.

"Thank God, you have come!" was Clayton's reply. "And it may be that it is not too late even now."

"What do you mean, Monsieur?" asked the officer.

Clayton told of the abduction of Jane Porter and the need of armed men to aid in the search for her.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the officer, sadly. "Yesterday and it would not have been too late. Today and it may be better that the poor lady were never found. It is horrible, Monsieur. It is too horrible!"

Other boats had now put off from the cruiser, and Clayton had pointed out the harbor's entrance to the officer, who turned toward the little land-locked bay, into which the other craft followed.

Soon the entire party had landed where stood Professor Porter, Mr. Philander and the weeping Esmeralda.

Among the officers in the last boats to put off from the cruiser was the commander of the vessel; and when he had heard the story of Jane Porter's abduction he generously called for volunteers to accompany Professor Porter and Clayton in their search.

Not an officer or a man was there of that brave and sympathetic Frenchmen who did not quickly beg leave to be one of the expedition.

The commander selected twenty men and two officers, Lieutenant d'Arnot and Lieutenant Charpentier. A boat was dispatched to the cruiser for provisions, ammunition, and carbines; the men were already armed with revolvers.

Then, to Clayton's inquiries as to how they had happened to anchor off shore and fire a signal gun, the commander, Captain Dufranne, explained that a month before they had sighted the Arrow and that when they had signaled her to come about she had but crowded on more sail.

They had kept her hull-up until sunset, firing several shots after her, but the next morning she was nowhere to be seen. They had then continued to head up and down the coast for several weeks, the recent chase, when, early one morning, they had forgotten the incident of a vessel laboring in the trough of a heavy sea and evidently entirely from under control.

As they steamed nearer to the derelict head up into the wind, but the sheets had parted, and the sails were tearing to ribbons in the half gale of wind.

each other like beasts of prey, and the following morning two of the corpses lay almost entirely stripped of flesh.

The men were but little stronger for their ghastly repast, for the want of water was by far the greatest agony with which they had to contend. And then the cruiser had come.

When those who could had recovered, the entire story had been told to the French commander, but the men were too ignorant to be able to tell him at just what point on the coast the professor and his party had been marooned, so the cruiser had steamed slowly along the right of land, firing occasional signal guns and scanning every inch of the beach with glasses.

They had anchored by night so as not to neglect a particle of the shore line, and it had happened that the preceding night had brought them off the very beach where lay the little camp they sought.

The signal guns of the afternoon before had not been heard by those on shore, it was presumed, because they had doubtless been in the thick of the jungle searching for Jane Porter, where the noise of their guns was drowned in the underbrush would have drowned the report of a far distant gun.

By the time the two parties had narrated their several adventures, the cruiser's boat had returned with supplies and arms for the expedition.

Within a few minutes the little body of soldiers and the two French officers, together with professor Porter and Clayton, set off upon their hopeless and ill-fated quest into the untracked jungle.

CHAPTER XX HEREDITARY

When Jane Porter realized that she was being borne away a captive by the strange forest creature who had rescued her, she struggled desperately to escape, but she was held as easily as though she had been but a day-old babe, only pressed a little more tightly.

So presently she gave up the futile effort and lay quietly, looking through half-closed lids at the face of the man who strode easily through the tangled undergrowth with her.

The face above her was one of extraordinary beauty.

A perfect type of the strongly masculine, unmarred by dissipation, or brutality, or degradation of passions. For, though Tarzan of the Apes was a killer of men and of beasts, he killed as the hunter kills, dispassionately, except on those rare occasions when he had killed for hate—though not the hatred which marks the features of his own with hideous lines.

Tarzan killed his more often smiling than frowning, and smiles are the foundation of beauty.

One thing the girl had noticed particularly when she had seen Tarzan rushing upon her from the left, the left eye of his forehead, from which he gazed, gleamed the scalp; but now as she scanned his features she noticed that it was gone, and only a thin white line marked the spot where it had been.

As she lay more quiet in his arms Tarzan slightly relaxed his grip upon her.

One he looked down into her eyes and smiled, and the girl had to close her own to shut out the vision of that handsome, winning face.

Presently Tarzan took to the trees, and Jane Porter, wondering that she felt no fear, began to realize that in many respects she had never felt more secure in her whole life than now as she lay in the arms of this strong, wild creature, being borne, God alone knew where or to what fate, deeper and deeper into the savage fastness of the untamed forest.

When, with closed eyes, she commenced to speculate upon the future, and terrifying fears were conured by a vivid imagination, she had but to raise her lids and look upon that noble face so close to hers to dissipate the last remnant of apprehension.

No, he could never harm her; of that she was convinced when she translated the fine features and the frank, brave eyes above her into the chivalry which they proclaimed.

On any of the ways through what seemed to Jane Porter a solid mass of verdure, yet ever there appeared to open before this forest god a passage, as by magic, which closed behind them as they passed.

Scarce a branch scraped against her, yet above and below, before and behind, the view presented naught but a solid

With no one on board who understood navigation, directions soon arose as to their whereabouts; and as three days' sailing to the east did not raise land, they bore off to the north, fearing that the high north winds that had prevailed had driven them south of the southern extremity of Africa.

They kept on a north-northeasterly course for two days, when they were overtaken by a calm which lasted for nearly a week. Their water was gone, and in another day they would be without food.

Conditions changed rapidly from bad to worse. One man went mad and leaped overboard. Soon another opened his veins and drank his own blood.

When he died they threw him overboard also, though there were those among them who wanted to keep his corpse on board. Hunger was changing them from human beings to wild beasts.

Two days before they had been picked up by the cruiser they had become too weak to handle the vessel, and that same day three men died. On the following morning it was seen that one of the corpses had been partially devoured.

All that day the men lay glaring at each other like beasts of prey, and the following morning two of the corpses lay almost entirely stripped of flesh.

The men were but little stronger for their ghastly repast, for the want of water was by far the greatest agony with which they had to contend. And then the cruiser had come.

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mass of intricately interwoven branches and creepers.

As Tarzan moved steadily onward his mind was occupied with many strange thoughts. Here was a problem with which he had never encountered, and he felt rather than reasoned that he must meet it as a man and not as an ape.

The free movement through the middle terrace, which was the route he had followed for the most part, had helped to soothe the ardor of the first fierce passion of his new found love.

Now he discovered himself speculating upon the fate which would have fallen to the girl had he not rescued her from Terkoz.

He knew why the ape had not killed her, and he commenced to compare his intentions with those of Terkoz.

True, it was the order of the jungle for the male to take his mate by force; but could Tarzan be guided by the laws of the beasts? Was not Tarzan a man? But how did men do? He was puzzled; for he did not know.

He wished that he might ask the girl, and then it came to him that she had already answered him in the futile struggle she had made to escape and to repulse him.

But now they had come to their destination, and Tarzan of the Apes with lightly to the right of the arena where the great apes held their councils and danced the wild orgy of the Dums-Dums.

Though they had come many miles, it was still but mid-afternoon, and the amphitheatre was bathed in the half light which filtered through the mass of encircling foliage.

The green turf looked soft and cool and inviting. The myriad notes of the jungle seemed far distant and hushed to a mere echo of blurred sounds, rising and falling like the surf upon a remote shore.

A feeling of dreamy peacefulness stole over Jane Porter as she sank down upon the grass where Tarzan had placed her, and as she looked up at his great figure towering above her, there was added a strange sense of perfect security.

As she watched him from beneath half-closed lids, Tarzan crossed the little circular clearing toward the trees upon the further side. She noted the graceful majesty of his carriage, the perfect symmetry of his magnificent figure and the poise of his well-shaped head upon his broad shoulders.

What a perfect creature! There could be naught of cruelty or baseness beneath that god-like exterior. Never, she thought, had such a man strode the earth since, God created the first in his own image.

With a bound Tarzan sprang into the trees and disappeared. Jane Porter wondered where he had gone. Had he left her there to her fate in the lonely jungle?

She glanced nervously about. Every vine and bush seemed to be lurking, waiting to bury gleaming fangs in her soft flesh. Every sound she magnified into the stealthy creeping of a snake and malignant body.

How different now that he had left her!

For a few minutes, that seemed hours to the frightened girl, she sat with tense

nerves waiting for the spring of the crouching thing that was to end her misery of apprehension.

She almost prayed for the crust teeth that would give her unconsciousness and surcease from the agony of fear.

She heard a sudden, slight sound behind her. With a shriek she sprang to her feet and turned to face her end.

There stood Tarzan, his arms filled with ripe and luscious fruit.

Jane Porter reeled and would have fallen, had not Tarzan, dropping his burden, caught her in his arms. She did not lose consciousness, but she clung tightly to him, shuddering and trembling like a frightened deer.

Tarzan of the Apes stroked her soft hair, and tried to comfort and quiet her as Kala had him, when, as a little ape, he had been frightened by Sabor, the lioness, of Hlath, the snake.

Once he pressed his lips lightly upon her forehead, and she did not move, but closed her eyes and sighed.

She could not analyze her feelings, nor did she wish to attempt it. She was satisfied to feel the safety of those strong arms, and to leave her future to fate; for the last few hours had taught her to trust this strange wild creature of the forest as she would have trusted but few of the men of her acquaintance.

As she thought of the strangeness of it, these commenced to dawn upon her the realization that she had, possibly, learned something else which she had never really known before—love. She wondered and then she smiled.

And still smiling, she pushed Tarzan gently away; and looking at him with a half-smiling, half-quizzical expression that made his face wholly entrancing, she pointed to the fruit upon the ground, and seated herself upon the edge of the earthen drum of the antrophoids, for hunger was asserting itself.

Tarzan quickly gathered up the fruit, and, bringing it, laid it at her feet; and then he, too, sat upon the drum beside her, and with his knife opened and prepared the various viands for her meal.

Together and in silence they ate, occasionally stealing shy glances at one another, until finally Jane Porter broke into a merry laugh in which Tarzan joined.

"I wish you spoke English," said the girl.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

SCHOOL BILLS OF A MONTH

Education Board Finance Committee Approves \$1,284,291 Outlay.

The Finance Committee of the Board of Education today approved bills for the last month aggregating \$1,284,291.67. Of that total, \$667,496.62 was for salaries of teachers and janitors of schools and playgrounds and for pay of the office forces; \$17,494.55 was for material and supplies; \$16,225.96 was for repairs to school buildings; \$247,964.24 was for payment on sites and erection of new buildings, and \$376,055.12 for quarterly payments of interest on school loans and to the sinking fund account.

William McCoach, school treasurer, reported a balance of \$1,172,222.30 of school funds on hand.

Officers Undergo a Day of Strenuous Exertion.

MT. GRETTA, Pa., June 7.—Hiking in the heat of a June day sun was the lot this morning of the 350 officers of the Pennsylvania National Guard who are here for the annual tour of instruction at the hands of the United States Army experts. Headed by Major General C. Bow Dougherty they got away at an early hour this morning for a tour of the new camp reservation in the Conewago Valley, proceeding as far as Lawn, in working out battle problems against an imaginary enemy.

It was hot work and the sudden rise in temperature made itself felt on the students who, however, pluckily stuck to their work and thereby earned the commendation of their instructors.

The instruction will be carried out on a more extensive scale on all of the remaining days of the camp.

Camden's Vice Chancellor Remembers Couple When Separated.

The final hearing in the alimony suit of Mrs. Harriet C. Cartwright, of Penn street, Camden, against her husband, Herman A. Cartwright, a conductor on the electric trains between Camden and Atlantic City, was held in Camden Chancery Court today, and, with Vice Chancellor Backes acting as an understudy to Cupid, will probably result in a reconciliation.

Mrs. Cartwright accused her husband of presenting her pearl necklace and other jewelry to Miss Clara Fatten, of 202 Martha street, this city. She also stated that since their separation she has been living in two rooms in Camden. The Vice Chancellor decided that Herman ought to be able to provide better quarters for his spouse and Herman agreed with him. The Vice Chancellor thereupon told the couple to hunt for a better house and if Herman would furnish it and return to his wife the case would be dropped. Mrs. Cartwright was satisfied and the couple left the court together.

Rest while your work gets done. How? That's easy—just use

FELS-NAPHTHA soap.

It works for you in cool or lukewarm water. Does all the hard work that used to tire you out. Does it quickly, thoroughly, easily.

New—Good—Pure Fels-Soap Powder Have you tried it?

Now then! for a Great Week at Wanamaker & Brown's (Market at Sixth Street)

—SPLENDID as were the opportunities offered by the opening days of our great June clearing house sale of 3515 Men's and Young Men's Summer suits, opportunities equally wonderful await customers today—and any day this week.

Gratifying for us to see so many good customers being pleased beyond their own expectation and even more pleasing to be able to say that there are just as fine bargains ready for every man who, guided by the compass of value, will come to Sixth and Market Streets throughout this week—

These Prices Tell the Whole Value Story

- \$7.50 for Suits regularly retailed at . . \$15.00 to \$30.00
\$10.00 for Suits regularly retailed at . . \$15.00 and \$20.00
\$12.50 for Suits regularly retailed at . . \$20.00 and \$22.50
\$17.50 for Suits regularly retailed at . . \$25.00 and \$30.00
\$21.50 for Suits regularly retailed at . . \$30.00 and \$35.00

Note This!—the Suits in the \$7.50 group are of the highest quality and they sold usually from \$15 clear up to \$30. They are mostly in the light colors that men like for outing wear—not for town or business purposes.

In the four main price groups, fine staples, serges, worsteds and flannels in every conceivable pattern with sizes clear up to 50-inch chest measurement are undiminished.

Wanamaker & Brown Market at Sixth For 54 Years

Superb Passenger Service VIA TO New York Philadelphia & Reading Steel Vestibled Express Trains leave Reading Terminal, Philadelphia. Every Hour on the Hour, 7.00 A. M. to 9.00 P. M. Parlor and Dining Cars. Sleeping Car on Mid-night Trains. One Hour and Fifty Minutes to Liberty Street on 7.00 and 8.00 A. M. Trains. Fast Service by Other Trains. Liberty Street: Convenient to Sound Line Steamers for Boston; also to Elevated and Subway Stations, About 14 Minutes to Grand Central from Subway Station at Broadway and Fulton Sts., indicated on map opposite by letter A. 23rd Street Station: Convenient to Ocean Steamship Terminals, Hotel and Shopping Districts. Taxicab & Trolley Service direct from Stations.